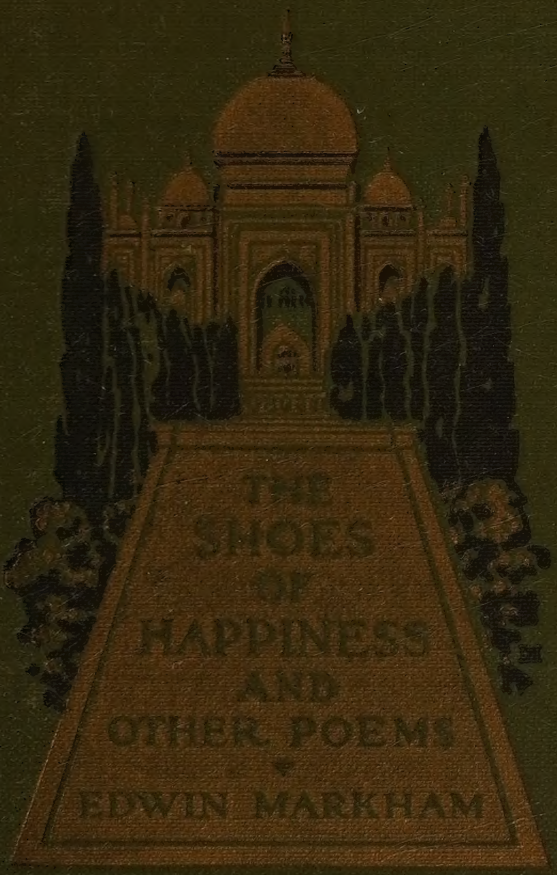

THE
SHOES
OF
HAPPINESS
AND
OTHER POEMS
EDWIN MARKHAM

SAN FRANCISCO
Alcove 0
Case 4
Shelf f
REMOVED

THE SHOES OF HAPPINESS AND OTHER POEMS

BOOKS BY EDWIN MARKHAM

"The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems"
Frontispiece, Millet's famous painting

Lincoln, and Other Poems"
Frontispiece, portrait of Lincoln

"The Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems" (*New*)

"California the Wonderful"
Profusely illustrated (*New*)

"Children in Bondage": The Child Labor Problem
(*New*)

"Gates of Paradise, and Other Poems" (*New*)

THE SHOES OF HAPPINESS

AND OTHER POEMS

THE THIRD BOOK OF VERSE

BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE, AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

SAN FRANCISCO
Above
Case
Shelf
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

1926

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY
San Francisco Theological Seminary Branch
2 Kensington Road, San Anselmo, CA 94960

PS
2362
S56
1926

15-7375

Copyright, 1913, by
CENTURY CO.
Copyright, 1915, by
EDWIN MARKHAM
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES
AT
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

TO

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

FAR KINSWOMAN, NEAR FRIEND, GREAT POET

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

This is Edwin Markham's first volume of verse after a silence of fourteen years. The volume was announced under the title of "Virgilia and Other Poems," but, at the last moment, it is thought best to make "The Shoes of Happiness" (from the recent Christmas Century) the titular poem. "Virgilia" will be found on an early page. It attracted wide attention and caused prolonged discussion on its first appearance—was violently attacked in print and enthusiastically defended. The sequel to "Virgilia," called "The Homing Heart," on its first appearance, is called in these pages "The Crowning Hour."

There is a notable timeliness about many of the poems: those under "Social Vision" and "War and Peace" have a special interest in the present unrest among the nations.

The poems in this volume have appeared in various American and English periodicals—chiefly in The Century, The Cosmopolitan, Collier's Weekly, Nautilus Magazine, The Youth's Companion, The Delineator, The Independent, The Semi-Monthly

Magazine, The Christian Herald, The New York American, The New York Herald, The London Express.

"The Juggler of Touraine," the narrative poem on page 30, is founded on an old legend, the most remarkable of the medieval legends of the Madonna. It can be found in a little volume called "Our Lady's Tumbler," translated from the old French by Isabel Butler, and also in a little story from the skilful pen of Anatole France. There are other variants of the legend, and all have helped in the present rendering. Mr. Markham has made free with the old legend, suppressing parts and adding both color and incident from his own invention. This Markhamic version is the first appearance of the legend in modern verse.

CONTENTS

VOLUNTARIES

	PAGE
OUTWITTED	1
THE GRAY NORNS	2
THE SONG MYSTERY	3
WIND AND LYRE	4
VILLON	5

I

SIX STORIES

THE SHOES OF HAPPINESS	9
THE JUGGLER OF TOURAINE	30
HOW OSWALD DINED WITH GOD	47
THE CUP OF PRIDE	51
HOW THE GREAT GUEST CAME	56
THE ACCUSING GOLD	61

II

LOVE AND YOUTH

VIRGILIA	65
THE CROWNING HOUR	74
LION AND LIONESS	82

III

GREEN HILLS AND WINDY WAYS

AT FRIENDS WITH LIFE	85
WIND ON THE RYE	87
ON THE SUISÜN HILLS	88
THE HEART'S RETURN	91

VI

WAR AND PEACE

PAGE
THE CHANT OF THE VULTURES 143
AN APRIL GREETING 146

VII

PERSONS AND PLACES

SAINT PATRICK 153
A FRIEND OF THE FIELDS 157
CONSECRATED GROUND 160
THE FRIENDLY DOOR 164
MANHATTAN 166
SAN FRANCISCO FALLING 169
SAN FRANCISCO ARISING 170

VIII

THE HERO OF THE CROSS

THE LORD OF ALL 175
THE CONSECRATION OF THE COMMON WAY 177
THE SONG OF THE MAGI 179
THE GARDEN OF THE SEPULCHER 182
AFTER THE SEPULCHER 186

IV

SCRIP FOR THE JOURNEY

PAGE

MAN-TEST 95
THE PILGRIM 97
THE DEEP OF GOD 98
VICTORY IN DEFEAT 99
THE HIDDEN GLACIER 100
A WORKMAN TO THE GODS 101
REVELATION 102
"SHINE ON ME, SECRET SPLENDOR" 103
ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE 104
ONE MUSIC 105
SWUNG TO THE VOID 106
THE PLACE OF PEACE 108
REST IN FLIGHT 109
THEY WAIT FOR YOU 110
RECORDS IN THE JUDGMENT BOOK 111

V

SOCIAL VISION

EARTH IS ENOUGH 115
CONSCRIPTS OF THE DREAM 116
THE TESTIMONY OF THE DUST 118
THE BARD 120
THE CHÂTEAU BAGATELLE 122
THE FEAR FOR THEE, MY COUNTRY 124
THE RIGHT TO LABOR IN JOY 126
THE PERIL OF EASE 128
A COMRADE CALLED BACK 129
FREEDOM 132
THE JEWS 134
LOVE'S HERO-WORLD 138
COURAGE, ALL! 140

VOLUNTARIES

OUTWITTED

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

THE GRAY NORNS

What do you bring in your sacks, Gray Girls?
"Sea-sand and sorrow."
What is that mist that behind you whirls?
"The souls of to-morrow."

What are those shapes on the windy coasts?
"The dead souls going."
But what are the loads on the backs of the ghosts?
"The seed of their sowing."

THE SONG MYSTERY

If it touches the heart of a Poet,
The gods and the ages will know it;
  For over the waters and crags of time
The winds of the world will blow it.

If ever the Bard shall bring it,
The hands of the Fates will wing it;
  And lo, it will travel from world to
    world,
Till the kings of Orion sing it!

WIND AND LYRE

Thou art the wind and I the lyre:
Strike, O Wind, on the sleeping strings—
Strike till the dead heart stirs and sings!
I am the altar and thou the fire:
Burn, O Fire, to a snowy flame—
Burn me clean of the mortal blame!

I am the night and thou the dream:
Touch me softly and thrill me deep,
When all is white on the hills of sleep.
Thou art the moon and I the stream:
Shine to the trembling heart of me,
Light my soul to the mother-sea.

VILLON

HE STILL COMPLAINETH OF HIS PITEOUS PLIGHT

Here am I now in a piteous plight,
  Doused and dour in a hell, you see;
For I slipt and fell in the mortal fight:
  I was one, but the Fates were three!

I lived the life of the kites and crows
  Up in the boughs of a tossing tree,
And went to the wind as a dead leaf goes:
  I was one, but the Fates were three!

Light were the touches of lip to lip,
  But grim the wrestle for bread, pardie,
So the feet would slide and the fingers slip:
  I was one, but the Fates were three!

Here are Lais and Lesbia, too,
Ladies that once were the world to me:
Now they are less than the foam that flew:
A man is one, but the Fates are three!

SIX STORIES

THE SHOES OF HAPPINESS

THE EVENTFUL STORY OF THE SULTAN MAHMOUD AND OF HALIL, THE GRAND VIZIER

I

It was green of April, it was morn
In Istamboul on the Golden Horn,
Where down the hill and the crooked shore
The cypress sorrows evermore.
The white Seraglio's marble piles
Gleamed ghostly down the silver miles.
There mosque and palace and grove and fort
Neighbor in many a glorious court.
Three are the portals that shut it in,
Hushed and afar from the world's great din;
Nine are the nightingale gardens there
That hang all night in a moon-white air;
Fifty the fountains of silver leap,

Whose sound is soft as the listless flow
Of streams that forever linger and go
Down delicate, dream-far valleys of sleep.
At the heart of it all, like a lily's gold,
Is a gorgeous chamber, I have been told,
Whose walls are lighted by lattice bars,
Whose roof is pricked by a thousand stars.
This is the room that the great Mahmoud
Bolted from Grief and her jangling brood.
Slant to the walls were the fifty shields
That bragged of the fifty battlefields
Where his flag had streamed as a meteor red,
And his name hung dark as a thunder-head.
Those thirty keys, in their bloody rust,
Were the thirty towns he had turned to dust.

He had harvested all that pleased his eye—
All but the moon in the evening sky.
Lands and ladies and ships and herds,
He gathered them in as a flock of birds;
And his coffers were heaped by his sword's renown
Till no one could hammer the covers down.

Marbles from Delos, stones from Thrace,
He plundered to build him a pleasure-
place.
Pillars from Ephesus propped the dome
Of the gilded mosque and the hippodrome;
Shafts of porphyry Baalbec gave
To build the porch of his pampered slave.
Glory and pleasure, splendor and power,
He gulped them all in his golden hour.

II

But a change came over the great sultan,
And the world with a trembling rumor ran;
For it happed in the leafy youth of the
year
The Seraglio gloomed with a sudden fear.
The demon of doldrums, without salute,
Had slipped by eunuch and cat-eyed mute,
And all were tiptoeing, holding their
breath,
For the sultan lay on the edge of death.

Wearily there he had lain for hours
On his cushion soft as a heap of flowers,

Till the harem ladies, distraught, distressed,
Came fluttering out of their fragrant nest,
Light as the lily, fleet as the fawn,
Caught in the colors that tremble at dawn.
Halima laved with her delicate hand
His brow with the attar of Samarkand;
Barakah, robed in an ocean green,
Tinkled the bells of her tambourine;
The slim Circassian, Malkhatoon,
Danced as light as a wave-caught moon;
Afifa with odorous peacock fan
Wafted a zephyr to his divan.
Zelica sang with her pomegranate lips,
Sweet as the comb when the honey drips,
And her bosom shook like a rose-tree stirred
By the trembling grief of a singing bird.

Then Jehun-Era, the Golden Tongue
(Her heart was a harp by the houris strung,
Her mind was a hive with stories packed),
Told him of cities besieged and sacked—
Told him tales of the great Haroun,
Where bulbuls sing to a dreaming moon,

And lovers and ladies forever fair
Are caught in the coil of a sweet despair.

But never once, so the books aver,
Did a finger move or an eyelid stir
Of the great Mahmoud. Then the cooks
began
To bake and boil for the sick sultan.
Yes, the nineteen cooks in the kitchen
skurred,
And each foot flew like a startled bird,
Till the slaves came up in quick relays,
With bowls and platters on silver trays.
There were pastries frail as the melting
mist,
Rosette, crescent, and caraway twist;
A jelly that quaked in a golden jar;
Grapes from the valley of Kandahar;
Coffee that smoked in an Osman bowl,
Brew for body and beauty for soul;
Sherbet cooled by the Tartary snows,
And fragrant now as the Kashmir rose;
Almonds sugared, and peaches spiced;
A citron candied, an orange sliced;
Rice from Cyprus, and figs from Fars;
Melons from under the Syrian stars;

A fish from the Nile; a lamb from Thrace;
And—a larded lark that I cannot trace.

But never once, so the gossips say,
Did the rose-sweet bowl or the smoking tray,
Did the frosted brew or the spicy food,
Draw a single glance of the great Mahmoud.
So Leylah, with delicate touches, packed
The long-stem pipe that the long day lacked;
And, lighting it, drew from the golden leaf
One waft of the white smoke, death-of-grief.
But he scorned the pipe with a withering eye
As he heaved a deep Vesuvian sigh.
Anyhow, this is the word that ran
When the world's eye wept for the sick sultan.

III

So they bore him now to the Mosque, hard put
For the holy rub of the Dervish foot;

For a Dervish toe, well warmed in the dance,
Can cure more ails than the philters of France.
They carried him next to the praying-floor,
To touch the pillar that once of yore
The Prophet jostled from ground to rafter,
And left it sweating the ages after.
And then they tore from the Koran's page
A verse approved by a master mage,
Burned it, and gave him the ash to drink;
But still he hung on the ghostly brink.

Now the barber came running to let his blood,
While the doctors were brewing from leaf and bud,
And mixing him many a toothsome grog,
And rubbing with camphor and cacagogue.
Then they poked their heads into all the books,
Scanning the pages with learnéd looks—
Galen and Rhazes and Ibn Zohr
And great Avicen'—all the curious lore

Of the palsies and cankers, the phlegms
and chills,
With the balms and catholicons routing
the ills.
But the aches and irks are a tricksy brood:
Whatever was done, they would still elude,
And the megrims stuck to the great
Mahmoud.

The doctors sighed, for I'm told by three
That the thirteen doctors *did* agree—
Agree that their physic was no avail
For the great sultan with the stubborn ail.
Then one leech said (he was born too soon
By a hundred year and perhaps a moon)—
One leech dared hint that a bright-swung
ax
Had a help for him that the pill-bag lacks.
At this Mahmoud, from his aching bed,
Cried: "Off with the leech and his learned
head!
And the rest of you fade from the eyes of us,
Over the miles to the Caucasus!
Out of our realm to a new abode,
And let it be by the shortest road!"

And this is why, at the crack of dawn,
The twelve great doctors got them gone,
Glad enough that their heads were on.
And they went in a string, with their books
and pills,
Footing it fast toward the frontier hills,
Nor looked once back to the Grand Bazaar
As they drank the miles toward the morning star.

Now emirs and agas, effendis and sheiks,
Stand pulling their whiskers with rueful
tweaks;
The dwarfs have lost their old delight;
The Nubian guards are statues of night;
The slaves are tremors, the ladies are
tears,
For the black camel Death on the rim
appears.
But suddenly in from the harem creeps
The sibylline crone who never sleeps.
The word of her mouth is a cryptic
thing,
For she wears on her finger King Solomon's
ring.

She raises her arms, and she cries aloud:
"I lift from the palace the darkening
shroud.
O Mahmoud the Mighty, may Allah exalt,
And send only friends to eat your salt!
O Mahmoud, rummage the east and west
For the shoes of a mortal wholly blest;
For only by this can you break the ban:
You must wear the shoes of a happy man."

Then shouted the sultan, "Ho, Vizier,
I need those shoes: let the shoes be here!"
Then his voice ran low—so a beast grows
still
As he stiffens his cords for the leap to
kill—
"Go forth, Vizier, when the dawn is red,
And bring me the shoes; or send instead,
By the hand of this trusted slave, your
head!"

IV

The bulbuls sang in the camphor-tree,
As the grand vizier, with a trusted three,

Threaded his way toward the noisy mart
To find a man with a happy heart—
A man that a sorrow had never stung,
A man that a memory never wrung.
Long, drowsily long, a late cock crew
As the Gate of Happiness let them through.
"Now," said Halil to the other three,
"Keep your eyes alert, for the shoes should be
Well peppered with pearls for a sultan's eye;
So now to the rich, where the joy runs high.
On, camels, on with a swifter spring,
Set the boughs astir and the bells aswing;
For I would be home ere the shadows fall
To feed my doves on the garden wall."

At the road's first turn what should they see
But a swarm of the folk of high degree,
Rolling away at the crack of morn
For light-heart hours on the Golden Horn.

One by one, like a flower afloat,
The arabas rolled toward a rainbow boat.
So the vizier cried, and his words were brief,
"How many are here with never a grief?"
Alas! but the thorn pricks ever the rose,
And they all were pricked by wants and woes.
In each glad heart was a wistful cry;
Behind each joy was a secret sigh.
Now he turned from the rich and their hapless store,
And journeyed away to the poor man's door:
"Ho, Hassan, ho! you have children seven:
Is your gate not joy, is your hut not heaven?"
The poor man answered: "Ah, Vizier,
I have seven sweet joys, but I have one fear:
The dread of to-morrow ever is here.
When my hand has work, then the mouths are fed;
When the work-staff breaks, then I wish me dead."

So they jolted on down the greening acres:
There were strolling fluters and travelling
fakers;
There were women peering from lattice
screens;
Pickers bent in the blossoming beans;
Wood-cutters bearing their shining tools;
Slaves asleep on their lazing mules.
To all one question, and one reply,
For each heart carried its secret sigh.
All, all had grief save a laughing boy
Too glad to know that he lived in joy.
His little worn shoes they danced and ran,
But they were too small for the sick sultan.

On down the road, by a sycamore tree,
A poet was weaving a rosy rhyme,
A song to sing in the ear of Time,
When Mahmoud's galleys and gates shall
be
A drifted dust by the silver sea:

"Many the winds that shake the rose,
Many the reeds where the river goes,
Many the waves that wrinkle the sea;
But only one love for me, for me!

"A thousand fancies may visit the heart,
A thousand shadows of time depart,
A thousand dreams may come to thee;
But only one love for me, for me!"

Over his shoulder the vizier peered.
"'Tis a happy song, by the Prophet's beard!
Tell me, rhymer, and quick with the word,
Are you not glad as a mated bird?"
"No," sighed the poet; "you do me wrong,
For sorrow is ever the nest of song.
Out of the grieving the poet sings:
The rock is cleft, and the bright well springs."

V

So the vizier cried: "Go, camels, go,
But not to the high and not to the low."
Through the Grand Bazaar he pushed his way,
As a galley shears through the silver spray.
There were rosy veils for the waiting bride,
Whips of the hippopotamus hide,

Necklets of ruby, girdles of jade,
Anklets of silver with pearls inlaid,
Silks and sandalwood, feathers and furs,
Henna and cinnamon, nards and myrrhs—
These and a thousand were his to choose,
But none could give him the happy shoes.

It was *azan* hour as they neared the Mosque;
Muezzins were loud on the high *kolosk*.
Idlers and toilers from everywhere
Were stretched, face down, for the evening prayer.
Over them floated, spacious and high,
The airy dome, like another sky;
And a silver cresset was swinging there
Soft as a moon in a misty air.
Thick as the reeds where the herons drink,
Were the people that crowded the plashy brink
Of the fountain spilling its silver sound
And wafting the cool of it over the ground.
Packers were filling their water-skins;
Venders were chafing the day with dins;

Porters were easing their sweaty backs,
Their bodies crooked with the wrenches
and racks;
Beggars were crying, with rattling dish,
"Bismillah!" to all and a thrifty wish.

In through the clamors the grand vizier
Went crying his question to every ear;
But each had his sorrow, his folly, his
fear.
There was ever the shrug and ever the
nay:
The young were restless that youth should
stay,
The old were sad that it went away.

A scrivener, scratching with busy reed,
Was writing a song for a lover's need;
And the words that over the vellum ran
Were sweet as the roses of Luristan.
"Ah," smiled Halil, "here are youth and
love:
There is nothing more in the stars above.
Here are song and dream: what more can be
In the palaces under the sounding sea?

Ho, lover! Look from your sweet employ:
Is there any grief in your house of joy?"
"Yes, yes; for love is a tower of fears,
A joy half torment, a heaven half tears.
I mind me now how her bosom shook
That day dog Abdul stopped to look.
Her veil had dropped for his peering eye,
Yet never a wind had blown it by."

VI

So the seekers pushed to the noisy Khan,
Where Jaffer, the teller of tales, began
For the fortieth time, as he waved his sleeves,
The hazardous tale of the Forty Thieves.
The long-stem pipe and the steaming cup
Were sending a hundred vapors up;
Yet quick with his word Halil began,
And over the tavern his question ran.

But Hassan, the merchant, opened his lips
Only to sigh for his sunken ships;
Ali, the driver, was quick to speak
Of his bride that fled with a hated Greek;

Yusuf moped, and his words were few,
As he told of the debt on the morrow due;
Al Mansur sighed for his lost career,
For once he had visions of being vizier.
Soldiers back from the battle sang,
Rollicked and roared till the tavern rang;
But, ah, at a thought their eyes would fill
For comrades left on the battle-hill.
And sailors home from an ocean run
Laughed and lurched, but never a one
From the frozen fiord to the palmy reef
Had heard of a mortal without a grief.

Then Selim, the student, looked up to speak:
"Vizier, I know him, the sage you seek.
He is here, just come with the caravan
Homing from Mecca, a happy man.
Honors and riches are his by right,
And he faces the world with a look of light."
But the pilgrim answered with star-still eyes:
"I am not glad; I am only wise.

You seek for the happy? The quest is
mad,
For all things crumble and all is sad."
Then a voice rang clear from a noisy rout
Where the cups were letting the laughters
out:
"Not so; for I know of a happy man,
But he is afar in Ispahan."

So the four went rocking on camel hoof,
And halted at last by the happy roof.
The vizier spoke, and his words were brief:
"Are you a mortal with never a grief?"
The stranger saluted and made reply:
"Not I, by the holy beard! for I
Am bent by a sorrow that ever has been
Since they carried my son to the low green
inn.
Yet they tell of a man who is ever glad,
But he is afar in old Bagdad."

Now they flew light-foot on the new-
found track,
To the man in the city of wonder. Alack!

He also carried a sorrow-pack.
Yet he told of a rumor from far Algiers
Of a man who never had tasted tears.
So off they went rocking by desert wells,
Cheered on by the sound of the camel-bells,
Till out on the road where the hot hours ran
They were told by the chief of a caravan
That the man was dead—the one glad man!

VII

Now all went black for the grand vizier,
And he turned toward home with a trickling tear.
But as he came, with his grim regrets,
To the home sky speared by the minarets,
And as, one by one, on the purple rim
The domes of the city began to swim,
Hark! suddenly over the hush of morn
Came a fluting note from a field of corn,
Where a man, stretched out with his arm for pillow,
Blew thin, sweet sounds from a pipe of willow.

The laughter-lines had scribbled his face,
And his limbs lay long with a flowing
grace.

"Ho," cried Halil, "I am seeking one
Whose days are all in a brightness run."
"Then I am he, for I have no lands,
Nor have any gold to crook my hands.
Favor nor fortune nor fame have I,
And I only ask for a road and a sky—
These, and a pipe of the willow-tree
To whisper the music out of me."

Out into the field the vizier ran.
"Allah-il-Allah! but you are the man;
Your shoes, then, quick, for the great
sultan—
Quick, and all fortunes are yours to
choose!"

"Yes, mighty Vizier . . . but I have
no shoes."

THE JUGGLER OF TOURAINE

I

Once in the time of Louis the King
Happened a smiling and holy thing.
'Twas all in the outdoor days of old,
Days that fancy has warmed with gold,
Days that are gone with the leaves, alas!
When the light-legged juggler Barnabas
From city to wondering city went,
Sprinkling the world with his merriment.

He would startle the Square on festival-
days,
When all the town was a sudden blaze,
A clamor of tongues, and a clack of feet,
A flurry of thousands filling the street—
Princes with plumes and gartered knees;
Sailors back from the Indian seas;
Mayors and marshals viewing the town,
Horsed, and robed in the violet gown;

Thieves alert for the thoughtless purse,
And ever free with the easy curse;
Shepherds leading their April flocks;
Damsels driving their turkey-cocks;
Beggars droning their practised whine;
Troopers red from the tavern wine;
Ladies in feathers and flaring hoops;
Monks with relics and pious stoops;
Bullies with long mustachio twirls
Teasing the fops with the scented curls;
Quacks with doses for all the ills—
Coughs and colics, and gripes and chills;
Brigands home from their sorry trade,
And marked to dance with the hempen
maid;
Hucksters bragging across the din;
Gaffers agaze with shaking chin;
Gamesters, too, with the shifty eye
And the conical hat an arm's-length high,
Clackering loud their lottery dice,
Shouting the winning numbers thrice,
Giving to all their wild advice.

In through it all, like a straddling ape,
The juggler strode, with the town agape;

A punchinello on tipsy stilts,
Wading his way with leaps and lilts.
A peakèd hat on his bobbing head
Was half of yellow and half of red.
On his powdered face was the unicorn,
One cheek for the tail and one for the horn.
His gown, puffed out over belly and back,
Was sprinkled with signs of the Zodiac.
His sleeves, blown up like young balloons,
Were floating skies stuck full of moons.
And his quips and cranks seemed never to fail
To draw the crowd like a comet's tail!

Why, even duennas on way to Mass
Would follow the train with their maids, alas!
And the First Epistle be reached and read,
While they were held by a feather-head!
For he stretched a carpet along the grass,
Where the murmurs mix and the laughters pass;
And ripping the skies from arms and back,
He stood trim-trig as a tumbling jack.

Like a blowing bough was his whimsy
grace;
Like a rising moon was his fresh young
face.

Now he poised on hands on a rolling
sphere,
And cracked his heels at the Marshal's
ear.
Now he scattered nine balls to the morn-
ing air,
And kept them a-shine and a-weaving
there;
For they flew to their places, one by one,
As planets tethered about the sun.
With toes to head, in a spangling round,
He ran as a light wheel over the ground.
He swallowed the Notary's signet-ring,
And down in your pocket you found the
thing!
On, on he went till the crowd was full
Of tarradiddle and cock-and-bull;
And a shower of coins on the carpet
fell,
Like a rain of leaves on an autumn well.

II

Oh, blithe is the trade of Pantaloon,
Light as the flight of an April moon;
Blithe are the travels of Harlequin,
Till the leaves turn red and the frosts begin.
And light went the days of Barnabas—
Light as the dews on a blade of grass,
Till the first faint frost at Michaelmas.
He and the cricket went chirruping by
Till the delicate snows began to fly.
Then all things crept to a snug abode—
Squirrel and lizard and lumbering toad—
And he and the wind were alone on the road.
For his purse was lean, his friends were few,
And the lodge for the night he never knew.
But however the hours ran dark with ill,
He only smiled on the old world still:
Wide was his love as the sun's good will.

And he kept him clear of the deadly sins,
Nor bragged and brawled in the noisy inns,

Where unfrocked abbès and tipsy churls
Made light-hour love to the loveless girls.
Through all the ways that went so wild,
He kept the heart of a little child.
And he never failed at a wayside shrine
With the bended knee and the holy sign,
And a candle, tipt with a tender flame,
Lighted in praise of Our Lady's name.
And he never failed of his parting prayer:
"Mother of Jesus, Queen of the skies,
Shine on the ways my feet may fare;
And when God pleases to shut my eyes,
Take me home to your paradise!"

One eve, on the edge of a lonely town,
As the clouds drove by and the rain shot down,
Poor Barnabas, hugging his knives and balls,
And seeking a bed in the cattle stalls,
Fell in with a friar from the cloistral halls—
A cheery friar, with a wind of words
And a head crooked out like a long-necked bird's.

"How is it, son," said the beaming friar,
"That a grasshopper green is your winter tire?
Are you trigged for the clown in a mystery play?
Are you out as a droll till the break o' day?"
"Father," said Barnabas, "this that you see,
This is the kill-care Barnabas, he
Who has lighted with laughter a hundred towns,
Driving before him the phlegms and frowns—
Lord of the revels; but now, ah, now,
Blown in the wind as a leafless bough.
Oh, the juggler's trade would the sweetest be
Of all in the world, if bread were free!"

"Beware," said the friar, "beware, my son:
The cloistral trade is the sweetest one.
For the friars keep orison day and night,
And join the song of the souls in light,
And the Seven Throne Angels burning white."—

"Father, my tongue ran loose and long:
Your trade is the sweetest: I did God wrong.
It is much to dance with a feather thin
Or a crookèd sword on the upturned chin,
And to get the laugh and the *rat-tat-tat*,
When I pull the hen out of Gaston's hat.
But little are these to the cloistral ways,
Where long hours go to Our Lady's praise;
Where the pale friars pass with feet unshod,
And the bread is changed to the body of God.
Oh, would that I might the great hours know,
Where the Sanctus sounds and the gray monks go,
And the candles burn in a saintly row!"

So simply told was the wistful tale
That the word of the juggler had avail.
"Come," said the friar, "to the cloistral rest;
For the God who gives to the bird a nest,
And guides the worm on its lampless quest,

Has sent me out on the edge of night
To lead your soul to the place of light."
Sweet as the sound of a sudden stream
That cools the heat of a traveller's dream,
So sweet was the sound of the friendly word
The weary heart of the juggler heard.
That night he entered the convent door,
That night he slept on the frater's floor.
He had found a home for his heart at last,
And the piteous chance of the road was past.

III

Lightly and still went the busy days
Where each one toiled in Our Lady's praise.
The Almoner lauded in lovely words
That went to the heart like a flight of birds:
She was the Lily, the Tower of Gold,
Gate of Ivory, Roof of the Fold,
The Rock of Vision, the Well that Flows,
The Star of the Sea, the Mystic Rose.
And ever the good Friar Estevan,
A little mysterious thread of a man,

Lauded her grace in Virgilian verse,
In numbers majestical, tender, and terse.
Friar Glorian copied the stately chants
With all of his scholarly curves and slants,
Prinking the pages in rainbow dyes,
Strewing them over with butterflies,
Winding the border with loop and lock
Of the fleur-de-lis and the hollyhock.—
Bonaccord, Basil, and Théophile
Praised her in music, as others kneel;
Blowing silver and touching string,
Till hearts were struck by the mystic wing.
Bonaccord's love in the 'cello sang;
Théophile's praise in the hautboy rang
Or tenderly cried in the violin.
Basil, puffing his horn, came in,
Bladdering wide his jovial cheeks,
Till his eyes went out into little streaks.
Friar Julian painted Madonnas—one
The throne of the great King Solomon,
With lions at corners, awake, aware,
And Our Lady bowed in her beauty there.
Two souls at her feet cried not in vain
For the grace that whitens the mortal stain.

Around her head, in a haloed light,
Were seven doves whirled in a silver flight,
The seven great gifts of the Holy Breath—
Devotion that saveth the soul from death,
Strength that steadies us, Awe that stills,
Science that measures the seas and hills,
Wisdom, Intelligence, Good Advice
That balks the throw of the devil's dice.—
And ever the stout Friar Palemone
Chiseled and hammered the patient stone,
Carving her beauty the whole day long,
Edging the time with a quiet song.
Like bearded rye were his bristling brows,
And white with the dust, as bended boughs
Are white with the sift of the early snow
When dead leaves stir and begin to go.

But to laud in marble, to praise in brass,
To honor in color, poor Barnabas,
Nothing of these could he do, alas!
As leaves on a desert his learning was scant:
He knew neither litany, credo, nor chant;
Nor Pater, nor Ave—not even a prayer,
Like a sheep of the field, like a hawk of
the air.

One day, when his heart was nigh to fail,
The Prior to comfort him told a tale—
Told of a friar from a southern isle,
His face all lit with a heavenly smile,
So lean in learning he could recite
Only an ave—and that half right!
Yet beautiful tremblings went over his soul,
As stars go over a hidden shoal.
He died, and out of his bosom sprang
Four doves that flew to a wood and sang.
The four white doves that so lightly came
Were the four white letters of Mary's name!

But the Prior's story was little relief
To Barnabas, bearing his daily grief.
So morning by morning the young friar slipped
Through doors and halls to a secret crypt,
And kneeling low at the altar cried:
"O Madam and Mother, O Virgin Bride,
Here am I only a tethered ox,
Eating the grass of the useful flocks!
The choir can sing, and the deacons read
The Gospel to scatter the living seed.

Others can praise where the censers swing,
And the white smoke circles, ring on ring.
And the learnéd can laud you with art and craft,
In the Latin chant and the marble shaft.
But I, poor Barnabas, nothing can I,
But drone in the sun as a drowsy fly."

IV

So the days crept on till a white dawn came
When a thought flashed over his soul like flame;
And he leaped from his cell all legs and arms,
Filling the cloister with looks and alarms,
As he shot his way to the chapel dim,
Running for joy in the heart of him.
And when he came out of the hidden place,
A light as of stars was over his face.
Now day after day to the secret crypt,
He sped light-foot as the old earth dipped
Softly and still in the fire of dawn;
For the restless pain of his heart was gone.

The friars were a-flutter that this should be,
Till at last the Prior with two or three—
Elders and fraters of high degree—
Followed the juggler on tipping toe,
Their breath held mightily, hoping to know.
And they heard him cry at Our Lady's shrine:
"All that I am, Madam, all is thine!
Again I am come with spangle and ball
To lay at your altar my little, my all.
The friars know all of the saints—what they do;
But of all up in Heaven, I know only you!
Of holy St. Francis a little I've heard,
But not of St. Plato or Peter a word.
I know not Quintilian—nothing he said
Of the Three and the One, and the Wine and the Bread.
Ah, nothing know I of the holy books,
And nothing of paints to put beautiful looks
Of your eyes on the wall, nor the blowing of brass
To make sound of my love—ah, nothing, alas!

But the trade of the wandering Barnabas.
Yet, Lady and Queen, if my heart would
live,
I must give the gift that I have to give."

And then the eyes of the elders shone,
As they peered from the shade of a pil-
lared stone;
For laying his friar's robe tenderly by,
He flickers as light as a dragon-fly;
Then whirls into many a whimsical shape,
As once he had whirled with the crowd
agape.
And softly he cries as his breath comes
quick:
"Look down, for, O Madam, this is the
trick
I did at Toulon, when I took the eye
Of the King himself as he galloped
by. . . .
This trick drew a duchess at Chateaur-
oux. . . .
But this is the one I have made for you!"
So flinging his feet in the air, he stands,
Or goes and comes on his nimble hands,

Or tosses the balls up to twinkle and run
Like planets that circle about a sun.
"Lady," he cries again, "look, I entreat:
I worship with fingers and body and feet!"

At this all the elders mutter and chide:
"Nothing like this do the rules provide!
This is a scandal, this is a shame,
This madcap prank in Our Lady's name.
Out of the doors with him; back to the street:
He has no place at Our Lady's feet!"

But why do the elders suddenly quake,
Their eyes a-stare and their knees a-shake?
Down from the rafters arching high,
Her blowing mantle blue with the sky—
Lightly down from the dark descends
The Lady of Beauty, and lightly bends
Over Barnabas stretched in the altar place,
And wipes the dew from his shining face;
Then touching his hair with a look of light,
Passes again from the mortal sight.

An odor of lilies hallows the air,
And sounds as of harpings are everywhere.

"Ah," cry the elders, beating the breast,
"So the lowly deed is a lofty test!
And whatever is done from the heart to Him
Is done from the height of the Seraphim!"

HOW OSWALD DINED WITH GOD

Over Northumbria's lone, gray lands,
Over the frozen marl,
Went flying the fogs from the fens and sands,
And the wind with a wolfish snarl.

Frosty and stiff by the gray York wall
Stood the rusty grass and the yarrow:
Gone wings and songs to the southland, all—
Robin and starling and sparrow.

Weary with weaving the battle-woof,
Came the king and his thanes to the Hall:
Feast-fires reddened the beams of the roof,
Torch flames waved from the wall.

Oswald, "the most Christian King of the Northumbrians," was born about 604, A. D., shortly after the time of King Arthur. The moral power that reached its height in King Alfred had its first dawn in the character of Oswald.

Bright was the gold that the table bore,
Where platters and beakers shone:
Whining hounds on the sanded floor
Looked hungrily up for a bone.

Laughing, the king took his seat at the board,
With his gold-haired queen at his right:
War-men sitting around them roared
Like a crash of the shields in fight.

Loud rose laughter and lusty cheer,
And gleemen sang loud in their throats,
Telling of swords and the whistling spear,
Till their red beards shook with the notes.

Varlets were bringing the smoking boar,
Ladies were pouring the ale,
When the watchman called from the great hall door:
"O King, on the wind is a wail.

"Feebly the host of the hungry poor
  Lift hands at the gate with a cry:
Grizzled and gaunt they come over the
    moor,
  Blasted by Earth and sky."

"Ho!" cried the king to the thanes,
    "make speed—
  Carry this food to the gates—
Off with the boar and the cask of mead—
  Leave but a loaf on the plates."

Still came a cry from the hollow night:
  "King, this is one day's feast;
But days are coming with famine-blight;
  Wolf winds howl from the east!"

Hot from the king's heart leaped a deed,
  High as his iron crown:
(Noble souls have a deathless need
  To stoop to the lowest down.)

"Thanes, I swear by Godde's Bride
This is a curséd thing—
Hunger for the folk outside,
Gold inside for the king!"

Whirling his war-ax over his head,
He cleft each plate into four.
"Gather them up, O thanes," he said,
"For the workfolk at the door.

"Give them this for the morrow's meat,
Then shall we feast in accord:
Our half of a loaf will then be sweet—
Sweet as the bread of the Lord!"

THE CUP OF PRIDE

I

Young Celestinus, prince of Rome,
Driven by the Spirit, left his home—
Left lordly palaces and lands
To find a cavern in the sands.

For he had turned in terror when
Savonarola, crying to men
Out of Love's burning anger, hurled
His judgment thunders on the world.
Then fell the house of pride for him;
Then shined the path of Seraphim.

His shirt of hair, his holy book,
And one tall cup were all he took—
One carven cup whose lettering told
Of his princely race and their deeds of old.
So out by Elim's seven tall palms,

With sounds of penitential psalms,
And aching knees and fastings long,
He strove to purge away the wrong
His deeds had heaped in those wild years
When he had sown the seed of tears.

II

But not alone with prayer and praise
Did Celestinus build his days.
He led afar a little stream
To glass the bough and the starry beam.
He scooped each day the sandy hole
That held well-water as a bowl,
To gladden conies in their play
And hearten camels on the way.
He made the stream that was so lean
A winding path of trembling green,
Where vine-leaves lifted and white pease,
And barley for the wind to tease.

There at his lonely cavern door,
There on his hard but friendly floor,
Worn travellers stopt on the way to eat
Of dates and honey and wild goat's meat.

Here camel-men and pilgrim band
Found comfort in a weary land,
As Celestinus gave them ease
And washed their feet upon his knees.
But he always brought with a secret pride
The carven cup from its niche inside,
Thinking the guests might his story trace
And learn that he came of a lordly race;
And say, as they saw his feet unshod,
"How much he has given up for God!"

III

And yet in his prayers the hermit cried,
"Lord, have I purged away my pride?
Am I little and humble in Thy sight,
And moving hourly toward the light?"
And God was listening to this, and glad;
Till at the end of a happy year,
He turned to the angel Arabad:
"Go, for this child is very dear—
Go to the sands this soul to save."
So came one night to the hermit's cave
A pilgrim with starry eyes and grave.

Quickly the hermit smoothed a seat;
Spread for the angel bread and meat,

Pouring the goat's milk foaming and cold
Into the cherished cup of gold,
The goblet carven with curious grace
To tell the glories of his race—
Their births, their deaths, their princely reigns,
Their daring deeds, their splendid pains.

Softly they talked with bite and sup,
Yet spoke no word of the boastful cup.
But lo, in the hush of the desert night,
When sleep on Celestinus fell,
There shined round the pilgrim a mystic light;
And he rose and took from the hermit's cell
The lordly goblet loved too well,
And bore it away in his camel-pack
And faded to air on the desert track.

But he sent on the hermit's soul a dream
That threaded the dark like a starry beam
Bringing these words from the world's extreme:

"Your goblet, brother, I must destroy,
As we take from a child a perilous toy.
Let go of the past, both deed and date:
Only your own act molds your fate—
Only the man you are to-day
Counts when the judgment angels weigh!"

HOW THE GREAT GUEST CAME

I

Before the Cathedral in grandeur rose,
At Ingelburg where the Danube goes;
Before its forest of silver spires
Went airily up to the clouds and fires;
Before the oak had ready a beam,
While yet the arch was stone and dream—
There where the altar was later laid,
Conrad the cobbler plied his trade.

II

Doubled all day on his busy bench,
Hard at his cobbling for master and hench
He pounded away at a brisk rat-tat,
Shearing and shaping with pull and pat,
Hide well hammered and pegs sent home,
Till the shoe was fit for the Prince of Rome.
And he sang as the threads went to and fro:

"Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will
know."

III

Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin,
And a full moon shone where the hair had
been.
His eyes peered out, intent and afar,
As looking beyond the things that are.
He walked as one who is done with fear,
Knowing at last that God is near.
Only the half of him cobbled the shoes:
The rest was away for the heavenly news.
Indeed, so thin was the mystic screen
That parted the Unseen from the Seen,
You could not tell, from the cobbler's
theme
If his dream were truth or his truth were
dream.

IV

It happened one day at the year's white
end,
Two neighbors called on their old-time
friend;

And they found the shop, so meagre and mean,
Made gay with a hundred boughs of green.
Conrad was stitching with face ashine,
But suddenly stopped as he twitched a twine:
"Old friends, good news! At dawn to-day,
As the cocks were scaring the night away,
The Lord appeared in a dream to me,
And said, 'I am coming your Guest to be!'
So I've been busy with feet astir,
Strewing the floor with branches of fir.
The wall is washed and the shelf is shined,
And over the rafter the holly twined.
He comes to-day, and the table is spread
With milk and honey and wheaten bread."

V

His friends went home; and his face grew still
As he watched for the shadow across the sill.

He lived all the moments o'er and o'er,
When the Lord should enter the lowly door—
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,
The lighted face, the offered cup.
He would wash the feet where the spikes had been;
He would kiss the hands where the nails went in;
And then at the last would sit with Him
And break the bread as the day grew dim.

VI

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruiséd feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.

And snatching a coin from the impious
purse
(Stamped with the Prince's royal crown,
But stamped more deep with the People's
curse)
He bent it till it broke; and lo,
Blood trickled out for all to know!

"Take back your gold," the friar cried,
"The gold that props your pomp and
pride.
Behold the People's blood you draw
Through stealthy treasons of the law.
This blood proclaims the griefs and wrongs
Of them to whom the gold belongs.
Give all to *them*, if you would give
The gold into God's hand, and live."

LOVE AND YOUTH

And snatching a coin from the impious
purse
(Stamped with the Prince's royal crown,
But stamped more deep with the People's
curse)
He bent it till it broke; and lo,
Blood trickled out for all to know!

"Take back your gold," the friar cried,
"The gold that props your pomp and
pride.
Behold the People's blood you draw
Through stealthy treasons of the law.
This blood proclaims the griefs and wrongs
Of them to whom the gold belongs.
Give all to *them*, if you would give
The gold into God's hand, and live."

LOVE AND YOUTH

VIRGILIA

I

Had we two gone down the world together,
I had made fair ways for the feet of Song,
And the world's fang been but a foam-soft feather,
The world that works us wrong.

If you had but stayed when the old sweet wonder
Was a precious pain in my pulsing side!
Ah, why did you hurry our lives asunder—
You, born to be my bride?

What sent it upon me—my soul importunes—
All the grief of the world in a little span,

All the tears and fears, all the fates and fortunes,
That the heart holds for a man?

Is this then the grief that the first gods kneaded
Into all joy that the strange world brings?
Did the tears fall into the heap unheeded,
These tears in mortal things?

But why it was that the whole world wasted,
This you will know when they count the tears,
After the dust of the grave is tasted,
After this noise of years.

Yet some things stay though a world lies broken,
I keep some things that were dear of old—
That first kiss spared and that last word spoken
And the glint of your hair's dark gold.

Do you mind that hour in the soft sweet
morning
When I held you fast in divine alarms,
When my soul stood up like a god adorning
His body with bright arms?

Forget it not till the crowns are crumbled
And the swords of the kings are rent
with rust—
Forget it not till the hills lie humbled,
And the springs of the seas run dust.

II

What was I back in the world's first
wonder?—
An elf-child found on an ocean-reef,
A sea-child nursed by the surge and
thunder,
And marked for the lyric grief.

I mind me well how the waves' edge whit-
ened
As the shapes of the storm went whirl-
ing by—

How I laughed and ran when the loud void lightened,
And tempest shook the sky.

So I will go down by the way of the willows,
And whisper it out to the mother Sea,
To the soft sweet shores and the long bright billows,
The dream that cannot be.

There will be help for the soul's great trouble
Where the sea's heart sings to the listening ear,
Where the high gray cliff in the pool hangs double,
And the moon is misting the mere.

'Twas down in the sea that your soul took fashion,
O strange Love born of the white sea-wave!
And only the sea and her lyric passion
Can ease the wound you gave.

I will go down to the wide wild places,
Where the calm cliffs look on the shores around;
I will rest in the power of their great grave faces
And the gray hush of the ground.

On a cliff's high head a gray gull clamors,
But down at the base is the Devil's brew,
And the swing of arms and the heave of hammers,
And the white flood roaring through.

There on the cliff is the sea-bird's tavern,
And there with the wild things I'll find a home,
Laugh with the lightning, shout with the cavern,
Run with the feathering foam.

I will climb down where the nests are hanging,
And the young birds scream to the swinging deep,

Where the rocks and the iron winds are
clanging,
And the long waves lift and leap.

I will thread the shores to the cavern
hollows,
Where the edge of the wave runs white
and thin;
I will sing to the surge and the foam that
follows
When the dark tides thunder in.

I will go out where the sea-birds travel,
And mix my soul with the wind and sea;
Let the green waves weave and the gray
rains ravel,
And the tides go over me.

The Sea is the mother of songs and sor-
rows,
And out of her wonder our wild loves
come;

And so it will be through the long to-morrows,
Till all our lips are dumb.

She knows all sighs and she knows all sinning,
And they whisper out in her breaking wave:
She has known it all since the far beginning,
Since the grief of that first grave.

She shakes the heart with her stars and thunder
And her soft low word when the winds are late;
For the sea is Woman, the sea is Wonder—
Her other name is Fate!

There is daring and dream in her billows breaking—
In the power of her beauty our griefs forget:

She can ease the heart of the long, long aching,
And bury old regret.

III

Will you find rest as our ways dissever?
Will the gladness grow as the days increase?
Howbeit, I leave on your soul forever
The word of the eternal peace.

I will go the road and my song shall save me,
Though grief may stay as the heart's old guest:
I will finish the work that the strange God gave me,
And then pass on to rest.

I will go back to the great world-sorrow,
To the millions bearing the double load—

The fate of to-day and the fear of to-
morrow:
I will taste the dust of the road.

I will go back to the pains and the pities
That break the heart of the world with
moan;
I will forget in the grief of the cities
The burden of my own.

There in the world-grief my own grief
humbles,
My wild hour melts in the days to be,
As the wild white foam of a river crumbles,
Forgotten in the sea.

THE CROWNING HOUR

I

It was ages ago in life's first wonder
I found you, Virgilia, wild sea-heart;
And 'twas ages ago that we went asunder,
Ages and worlds apart.

Your luminous face and your hair's dark glory,
I knew them of old by an ocean-stream,
In a far, first world now turned to story,
Now faded back to dream.

I saw you there with the sea-girls fleeing,
And I followed fast over rock and reef;
And you sent a sea-fire into my being,
The lure of the lyric grief.

One after one the stars were slipping,
Pearl after pearl to the bowl of night;
And down the west three moons were dipping
Into the waves, all white.

I know not now where the moons were misting:
Perhaps it was Saturn's belted track:
Howbeit, you swore to a lovers' trysting
In those quick glances back.

I followed you fast through the white sea-splendor,
On into the rush of a blown, black rain;
Drawn on by a mystery strangely tender,
The spell of a starry pain.

As up round a headland the tides came swirling,
You sang one song from your wild sea-heart;

Then a mist swept in, and we two went whirling,
Ages and worlds apart.

II

We are caught in the coil of a God's romances—
We come from old worlds and we go afar:
I have missed you again in the Earth's wild chances—
Now to another star!

Perhaps we are led and our loves are fated,
And our steps are counted one by one;
Perhaps we shall meet and our souls be mated,
After the burnt-out sun.

For over the world a dim hope hovers,
The hope at the heart of all our songs—

That the banded stars are in league with lovers,
And fight against their wrongs.

If this is a dream, then perhaps our dreaming
Can touch life's height to a finer fire:
Who knows but the heavens and all their seeming
Were made by the heart's desire?

One thing shines clear in the heart's sweet reason,
One lightning over the chasm runs—
That to turn from love is the world's one treason
That darkens all the suns.

So I go to the long adventure, lifting
My face to the far, mysterious goals,
To the last assize, to the final sifting
Of gods and stars and souls.

Our ways go wide and I know not whither,
But my song will search through the worlds for you,
Till the Seven Seas waste and the Seven Stars wither,
And the dream of the heart comes true.

I am out to the roads and the long, long questing,
On dark tides driven, on great winds blown:
I pass the rims of the world, unresting,
I sail to the unknown.

III

There are more lives yet, there are more worlds waiting,
For the way climbs up to the eldest sun,
Where the white ones go to their mystic mating,
And the Holy Will is done.

I will find you there where our low life
hightens,
Where the door of the Wonder again
unbars,
Where the old love lures and the old fire
whitens,
In the Stars behind the stars.

Perhaps we will meet where the boughs
for rafters
Shelter a cliff by an ocean-stream,
As we met long ago in the light sea-
laughters
When over me went the dream.

Perhaps we will meet on the hills of fairy,
Twined round by the shores and the
scented vales,
To stray moon-charmed in a high-hung,
airy
Dream-wood of nightingales.

We will hear some word of the world's
dark meaning,
As we meet at last by the song-loud trees,

Hushed with the wonder of life, and leaning
Over the whispering seas.

Ah, strangely then will the heart be shaken,
For a spheral music will touch the night;
And the mystic wind of the worlds will waken,
Kindling the lost delight.

It will all come back—the wasted splendor,
The heart's lost youth like a breaking flower,
The dauntless dare, and the wistful, tender
Touch of the April hour.

As we go star-stilled in the mystic garden,
All the prose of this life run there to rhyme,

How eagerly then will the poor heart
pardon
All of these hurts of Time!

Ah, yes, in that hour of our souls dream-
driven,
In that high, white hour, O my wild
sea-bride,
The tears and the years will be all for-
given, . . .
And all be justified.

LION AND LIONESS

One night we were together, you and I,
  And had unsown Assyria for a lair,
  Before the walls of Babylon rose in air,
Low languid hills were heaped along the sky,
And white bones marked the wells of alkali,
  When suddenly down the lion-path a sound . . .
  The wild man-odor . . . then a crouch, a bound,
And the frail Thing fell quivering with a cry!

Your yellow eyes burned beautiful with light:
The dead man lay there quieted and white:
  I roared my triumph over the desert wide,
  Then stretched out, glad of the sands and satisfied;
And through the long, star-stilled Assyrian night,
  I felt your body breathing by my side.

GREEN HILLS AND WINDY WAYS

AT FRIENDS WITH LIFE

Give me green rafters and the quiet hills
Where peace will mix a philter for my ills—
Rafters of cedar and of sycamore,
Where I can stretch out on the fragrant floor,
And see them peer—the softly stepping shapes—
By the still pool where hang the tart wild grapes.

There on the hills of summer let me lie
On the cool grass in friendship with the sky.
Let me lie there in love with earth and sun,
And wonder up at the light-foot winds that run,
Stirring the delicate edges of the trees,
And shaking down a music of the seas.

Bring some old book—"The Romaunt of
the Rose,"
A song through which the wind of morn-
ing blows.
Let me stretch out at friends with life at
last,
Forgetting all the clamors of the past—
The broken dream, the flying word unjust,
The failure, and the friendship gone to
dust.

WIND ON THE RYE

There is green on the hill, there is gold on the river,
And the wind on the rye sets my spirit a-quiver.
There's a thrill in the sod
At the touch of the God,
And a song in my heart for the gift and the Giver.

Now the grief that for days to my heart has been clinging
Is gone down the wind on the wings of the singing.
The old sorrows die
In the dance of the rye,
And the joy of the world in my spirit is springing!

ON THE SUISÜN HILLS

"And there were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."—LUKE.

Long, long ago I was a shepherd boy,
My young heart touched with wonder and wild joy.
Once in my happy country far away,
One dear December day,
On green Sierran hills at fall of sun,
We shepherds came with singing, every one
Bearing a fragrant pack
Of manzanita boughs upon the back.
And soon the watch-fires kindled on the hight
Were darting scarlet prongs against the night;
While all the huddled sheep
Were lying still, save one belated ewe
Bringing her lost lamb in with loud ado.

And by the crackling boughs our dogs asleep
Were startling with short barks
Or pricking pointed ears in little harks,
Chasing a dream-coyote down the steep.

Behind the mountain dim
The unrisen moon sent up a little rim
Of mystic light. The hour was growing still,
Save for a whisper in the hollow hill,
Save for a random bleat in the shifting herd
Or low note of some half-awakened bird—
The little startles and alarms of dream
Silvered by sounds of some hill-wandering stream.

Resting my arm against a friendly stone,
The night wore on until I watched alone.
High on my crag, under the sky's wide arch,
Pillared on peaks afar,
I watched the punctual, immemorial march
Of star on glorious star;

And long thoughts came to me in the long night
Of shepherds watching in the starry light—
Long thoughts of the shepherds of old
Who saw the hosts go by, the heavens unfold,
And heard the song shake down
High over David's town,
Where the bare stall was His
Who on the Right Hand is;
While Magi on the Syrian sands afar
Were hastening at the signal of a star.
My wild boy-heart did burn to have been there,
In that strange night, in that celestial air,
When wise and simple, too,
Touched by one joy, to one high stature grew.

THE HEART'S RETURN

When darkened hours come crowding
fast,
A thought—and all the dark is past!
For I am back a boy again,
Knee-deep in heading barley in a Men-
docino glen.

I cannot ever be so sad
But one thing still will make me glad—
That hid spring in the Suisün hills:
My heart keeps going back to it thru all
the earthly ills.

How often when the brood of care
Would hold me in a hopeless snare,
My soul springs wingéd and away,
Remembering that wild duck's nest above
Benicia bay!

Or when night finds me toiling still,
I am back again on the greening hill,
A shepherd boy at set of sun,
Folding his happy sheep and knowing all
his tasks are done.

SCRIP FOR THE JOURNEY

MAN–TEST

When in the dim beginning of the years,
God mixed in man the raptures and the tears
And scattered thru his brain the starry stuff,
He said, "Behold! Yet this is not enough,
For I must test his spirit to make sure
That he can dare the Vision and endure.

"I will withdraw my Face,
Vail me in shadow for a certain space,
Leaving behind Me only a broken clue—
A crevice where the glory glimmers thru,
Some whisper from the sky,
Some footprint in the road to track Me by.

"I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
Will leave him torn between the No and Yes,

Leave him unresting till he rests in Me,
Drawn upward by the choice that makes
him free—
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose,
With all in life to win or all to lose."

THE PILGRIM

Man comes a pilgrim of the universe,
Out of the mystery that was before
The world, out of the wonder of old stars.
Far roads have felt his feet, forgotten wells
Have glassed his beauty bending down to drink.
At altar-fires anterior to Earth
His soul was lighted, and it will burn on
After the suns have wasted on the void.
His feet have felt the pressure of old worlds,
And are to tread on others yet unnamed—
Worlds sleeping yet in some new dream of God.

THE DEEP OF GOD

Know man and you will know the deep of
God;
For I who cry my wonder over life,
Am I not part of That behind it all?
Do I not feel the passion of the one
Who was anterior to the morning star?
Did I not come out of the Mystery,
Out of the Infinite? So in my sigh
Do I not breathe its sorrow: in my will
Do I not speak its purpose? When a
stone
Falls from a star, we find within the stone
The secret of the vastness whence it fell.

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Defeat may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the
wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the
trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the wind-
ward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows
come
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

THE HIDDEN GLACIER

There is no time for hate, O wasteful friend:
Put hate away until the ages end.
Have you an ancient wound? Forget the wrong. . . .
Out in my West a forest loud with song
Towers high and green over a field of snow,
Over a glacier buried far below.

A WORKMAN TO THE GODS

Once Phidias stood, with hammer in his hand,
Carving Minerva from the breathing stone,
Tracing with love the winding of a hair,
A single hair upon her head, whereon
A youth of Athens cried, "O Phidias,
Why do you dally on a hidden hair?
When she is lifted to the lofty front
Of the Parthenon, no human eye will see."
And Phidias thundered on him: "Silence, slave:
Men will not see, but the Immortals will!"

REVELATION

I made a pilgrimage to find the God:
I listened for his voice at holy tombs,
Searched for the print of his immortal feet
In dust of broken altars; yet turned back
With empty heart. But on the homeward road,
A great light came upon me, and I heard
The God's voice singing in a nesting lark;
Felt his sweet wonder in a swaying rose;
Received his blessing from a wayside well;
Looked on his beauty in a lover's face;
Saw his bright hand send signal from the sun.

"SHINE ON ME, SECRET SPLENDOR"

Shine on me, Secret Splendor, till I feel
That all are one upon the mighty wheel.
Let me be brother to the meanest clod,
Knowing he, too, bears on the dream of God;
Yet be fastidious, and have such friends
That when I think of them my soul ascends!

ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE

The builder who first bridged Niagara's
gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at the last across the chasm swung
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching
hands—
Send out our love and faith to thread the
deep—
Thought after thought until the little
cord
Has greatened to a chain no chance can
break,
And—we are anchored to the Infinite!

ONE MUSIC

There is a high place in the upper air,
So high that all the jarring sounds of
earth—
All cursing and all crying and all mirth—
Melt to one murmur and one music there.

And so, perhaps, high over worm and clod,
There is an unimaginable goal,
Where all the wars and discords of the soul
Make one still music to the heart of God.

SWUNG TO THE VOID

Once, suddenly, I found myself alone,
Out in the void of a great city, filled
With tremblings and the cry of many fears.

Making escape out of the human deep,
I climbed heart-troubled to the leafy hills;
And stretching on a bank above a stream,
I gazed up to the dome of the high boughs,
And wondered over life and life's alarms.
And as I lay there asking for a sign,
I saw a spider flash his filmy ropes
Across the dome; saw him, with rapturous
fall,
Drop on a silver cable to the void,
And hang serenely in the rosy beams
Of sunset—hang all still and unafraid.

And lo, a courage came upon my soul,
With long, long thoughts of this adventurer,
This little dweller in the floorless air,
Held in the peace that folds the earth and stars.

THE PLACE OF PEACE

At the heart of the cyclone tearing the sky
And flinging the clouds and the towers by,
  Is a place of central calm:
So here in the roar of mortal things,
I have a place where my spirit sings,
  In the hollow of God's Palm.

REST IN FLIGHT

The flying arrow, knowing its path is made,
Goes singing softly at the bow's behest,
Taking its destined journey unafraid—
In every moment of the flight at rest.

So speed, O soul, to your divine abode:
Go singing through the shadow and the light—
Go bravely on your high-appointed road,
At rest in every moment of your flight.

THEY WAIT FOR YOU

Look not, O friend, with unavailing tears
Into the Past—look to the brave young years!
Look to the Future: all is there in wait,
All that you fought for by the broken gate—
The faith that faltered and the hope that fell,
The song that died into a lonely knell.

It is all there—the love that went astray
With bitter cries on that remembered day;
The joys that were so needed by the heart,
And all the tender dreams you saw depart.
Nothing is lost forever that the soul
Cried out for: all is waiting at the goal.

RECORDS IN THE JUDGMENT BOOK

Bishops and deans, would you detect
The crowning mark of the Elect—
Know who believe beyond rebuke
The Gospel and the Pentateuch—
Know who accept the Thirty-Nine,
And taste with Christ the mystic wine?
Then search the face of him you doubt
And that will let the secret out.
Explore the face, and do not spare:
The Book of Life is written there!

And would you know the other host,
Those that profane the Holy Ghost,
Those that deny the Ancient Word
The seers upon the mountain heard?
Then search the countenance, and trace
Their heresies upon the face:

That hardened line, that loveless look,
Are records in the Judgment Book.
The truth is written and writ plain
Whether we be for Christ or Cain.

So shut the books about it all—
Shut Augustine, shut Ingersoll,
Aquinus, Calvin, tome by tome—
Shut Schleiermacher, shut Jerome.
Look on the face, for written there
The final judgments are laid bare.
The name is on the forehead writ
Of all that with the seraphs sit—
Of all that stumble toward the Pit.

SOCIAL VISION

EARTH IS ENOUGH

We men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The Temple of the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every-day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

CONSCRIPTS OF THE DREAM

Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That point us to the deathless goals—
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the arméd seers
And heroes called to mortal years—
Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran.

Lincoln, Mazzini, Lamennais,
Doing the deed that others pray;
Cromwell, St. Francis, and the rest,
Bearing the God-fire in the breast—
These are the sons of sacred flame,
Their brows marked with the secret
name—
The company of souls supreme,
The conscripts of the mighty Dream.

Made of unpurchasable stuff,
They went the way when ways were rough;
They, when the traitors had deceived,
Held the long purpose, and believed;
They, when the face of God grew dim,
Held thru the dark and trusted Him—
Brave souls that took the perilous trail
And felt the vision could not fail.

Give thanks for heroes that have stirred
Earth with the wonder of a word.
But all thanksgiving for the breed
Who have bent destiny with deed—
Souls of the high, heroic birth,
Souls sent to poise the shaken Earth,
And then called back to God again
To make Heaven possible for men.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE DUST

Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Karnak and the stones of Babylon—
"We raised our pillars upon self-desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun."

A grandeur looked down from the pyramid,
A glory came on Greece, a light on Rome;
But in them all the ancient Traitor hid,
And so they passed like momentary foam.

There was no substance in their soaring hopes;
The voice of Thebes is now a desert cry:
A spider bars the road with filmy ropes,
Where once the feet of Carthage thundered by.

A bittern cries where once Queen Dido laughed;
A thistle nods where once the Forum poured;
A lizard lifts and listens on a shaft,
Where once of old the Colosseum roared.

It is a Vision waiting and aware;
And you must draw it down, O men of worth—
Draw down the New Republic held in air,
And make for it foundations on the Earth.

THE CHÂTEAU BAGATELLE

of Bois de Boulogne, Paris

A queen's caprice, a courtier's boast, and lo,
The gilt château mushrooming into air,
Rose lightly as a mist the breezes bear—
Rose reckless of the People's ancient woe,
The patient misery that the toilers know—
Rose on the brink of all that ruin of things,
The crash of centuries, the doom of kings,
Volcanic rages thundering from below.

Fools! fools! one hour and hell comes battle-red,
With work-worn millions crying out for bread,

The fury of a people spurned and trod—
Comes with the hoof-beat of the Marseillaise,
With cries and curses of the judgment day,
And wild hands groping blindly after God!

THE CHÂTEAU BAGATELLE

of Bois de Boulogne, Paris

A queen's caprice, a courtier's boast, and lo,
The gilt château mushrooming into air,
Rose lightly as a mist the breezes bear—
Rose reckless of the People's ancient woe,
The patient misery that the toilers know—
Rose on the brink of all that ruin of things,
The crash of centuries, the doom of kings,
Volcanic rages thundering from below.

Fools! fools! one hour and hell comes battle-red,
With work-worn millions crying out for bread,

The fury of a people spurned and trod—
Comes with the hoof-beat of the Marseillaise,
With cries and curses of the judgment day,
And wild hands groping blindly after God!

THE FEAR FOR THEE, MY COUNTRY

In storied Venice, where the night repeats
The heaven of stars down all her rippling streets,
Stood the great Bell Tower, fronting seas and skies—
Fronting the ages, drawing all men's eyes;
Rooted like Teneriffe, aloft and proud,
Taunting the lightning, tearing the flying cloud.

It marked the hours for Venice: all men said
Time cannot reach to bow that lofty head:
Time, that shall touch all else with ruin, must
Forbear to make this shaft confess its dust.
Yet all the while, in secret, without sound,
The fat worms gnawed the timbers underground.

The twisting worm, whose epoch is an hour,
Caverned his way into the mighty tower;
Till suddenly it shook, it swayed, it broke,
And fell in darkening thunder at one stroke.
The strong shaft, with an angel on the crown,
Fell ruining: a thousand years went down!

And so I fear, my country, not the hand
That shall hurl night and whirlwind on the land;
I fear not Titan traitors who shall rise
To stride like Brocken shadows on our skies:
These we can face in open fight, withstand
With reddening rampart and the sworded hand.

I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel and school and shrine—
The Worm of Greed, the fatted Worm of Ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these—
The vermin that shall honeycomb the towers
And walls of State in unsuspecting hours.

THE RIGHT TO LABOR IN JOY

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hundred-thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as rain to the furrow sown:
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor for a taste of life's delight,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.
They ask but the right to labor, and to live by the strength of their hands—
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like sea-sands.

And the right of a man to labor and his
right to labor in joy—
Not all your laws can strangle that right,
nor the gates of Hell destroy.
For it came with the making of man and
was kneaded into his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on
the dust of crumbled thrones.

THE PERIL OF EASE

Are you sheltered, curled up and content
by the world's warm fire?
Then I say that your soul is in danger!
The sons of the Light, they are down with
God in the mire,
God in the manger.

The old-time heroes you honor, whose ban-
ners you bear,
The whole world no longer prohibits:
But if you peer into the past you will find
them there,
Swinging from gibbets.

So rouse from your perilous ease: to your
sword and your shield:
Your ease is the ease of the cattle.
Hark, hark, where the bugles are calling:
out to some field—
Out to some battle!

A COMRADE CALLED BACK

(Ernest Crosby, poet and social reformer, died January, 3, 1907.)

Comrade, why did you leave us?
We needed you here in the fight.
Why did the high gods bereave us?
We needed your bold arm, believe us,
To carry the torch in the night.

They sounded recall and you started,
And now you are There upon guard,
In the band of the heroes departed,
Still fighting our battle, high-hearted,
Our captain, our brother, our bard.

You went as a knight goes a-faring,
To join the brave comrades above,
To rally where Lincoln and Waring,
Mazzini and all of the daring
Still fight in the battle of love.

The Herods of hatred assailed you;
They pricked you with thorns and with spears:
But up in the Light, when Earth failed you,
The heroes of Heaven, they hailed you—
Owen, Garrison, George, and the seers.

High souls that had valor and vision,
High souls that passed under the rod;
Yet held on through scourge and derision,
Still calling the world to decision,
To choose between Mammon and God.

From purple and pomp, you elected
To walk in the gray common road:
To keep your free soul, high-erected,
You joined the despised, the rejected,
To lift at the terrible load.

We saw you, with strong face unfearing,
Make way through the noise of the horde—
Right on through the jibe and the jeering;
And ever to laughter and fleering,
Your song was your answering sword.

What voice will now speak for the humble,
O Comrade—yea, speak for us all?
What hand light the way where we stumble?
What hand stay the pillars that crumble,
And put back the stones in the wall?

And now that your errand is ended,
And now that your steps go afar,
What strong soul will catch up the splendid
High dream that your spirit attended—
The purpose of God for our star?

It is scarcely necessary to say that in the 3rd and 4th stanzas Mr. Markham refers to George Waring, Robert Owen, Lloyd Garrison, and Henry George, the reformers dear to all who look and labor for the New Time.

FREEDOM

Here in the forest now,
As on that old July
When first our conscript fathers took the vow,
The bluebird, stained with earth and sky,
Shouts from a blowing bough
In green aerial freedom, wild and high.
And now, as then, the bobolink,
Out on the uncertain brink
Of the swaying alder, swings,
Loosing his song out, link by golden link;
While over the wood his proclamation rings,
A daring boast that would unkingdom kings!

Even so the wild birds sang on bough and wall
That day the Bell of Independence Hall
Thundered around the world the Word of Man,
That day when Liberty began

And mighty hopes were blown on every
sea.
But Freedom calls her conscripts now as
then—
Calls for heroic men:
It is an endless battle to be free.
As the old dangers lessen from the skies,
New dangers rise:
Down the long centuries to be,
Again, again, will rise Thermopylæ—
Again, again, a new Leonidas
Will hold for God the imperilled Pass.
As the long ages run
New Lexington will rise on Lexington;
And many a Warren fall
Upon the endangered wall.
Yes, in the years to come,
New Belgium will rise on Belgium,
And many an Albert risk for honor—all.

Man is the conscript of an endless quest,
A long divine adventure without rest.
Each hard-earned freedom withers to a
bond:
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond!

THE JEWS

Once verily, O mighty Czar, your crown
was justified,
When from your place among the thrones
your lifted spirit cried:
"Let there be no more wars on earth, let
weary cannons cease."
Well was it, Ruler of the North, that
Cæsar should say, "Peace!"
And yet from Russia comes a cry of souls
that would be free;
A cry from the windy Baltic runs down
to the Euxine Sea.
It is the cry of a people, of a people old
in grief,
A people homeless on the earth and shaken
as the leaf.

Listen a moment with your heart and
you will hear, O Czar,
There in your clear cold spaces under
the great North Star—

There in your Arctic silences swept clean
of base desire,
Where the unseen Watcher reaches up the
awful Fan of Fire.
Around you is the vastness and the won-
drous hush of snow,
That you may hear their cry in the night
and let the captives go.
Have they not kingly lineage, have they
not pedigree?
Are they not wrapt with wonder, like the
darkness of the sea?

They come out of the night of years with
Asia in their blood,
Out of the mystery of Time that was
before the Flood.
They saw imperial Egypt shrink and join
the ruined lands;
They saw the sculptured scarlet East sink
under the gray sands;
They saw the star of Hellas rise and glim-
mer into dream;
They saw the wolf of Rome draw suck
beside the yellow stream,

And go with ravenous eyes ablaze and
jaws that would not spare,
Snarling across the earth, then, tooth-
less, die upon his lair.

And have they not had grief enough,
this people shrunk with chains?
Must there be more Assyrias, must there
be other Spains?
They are the tribes of sorrow, and for
ages have been fed
On brackish desert-wells of hate and ex-
ile's bitter bread.
They sang the elegies that tell the grief
of mortal years;
They built the tombs of Pharaohs, mixing
the bricks with tears;
They built the walls of cities with no thres-
hold for their own;
They gave their dirge to Nineveh, to
Babylon their moan.

After tears by ruined altars, after toils in
alien lands,
After wailings by strange waters, after
lifting of vain hands,

After cords and stripes and burdens, after
ages scorched with fire,
Shall they not find the way of peace, a
land of heart's desire?
Shall they not have a place to pray, a
place to lay the head?
Shall they not have the wild bird's rest,
the fox's frugal bed?
Men's eyes are on you, mighty Czar; the
world awaits the word;
The blood-splashed gates are eager, and
the rusted bolt has stirred!

LOVE'S HERO-WORLD

Alas, how much of life is lost—
How much is black and bitter with the
frost,
That might be sweet with the sweet sun,
If men could only know that all are one!

But it will rise, Love's hero-world at last,
The joy-world wreathed with freedom,
and heart-fast—
The world love-sheltered from the wolfish
law
Of ripping tooth and clutching claw.

It comes! the high inbrothering of men,
The New Earth seen by John of Patmos,
when
The comrade-dream was on his mighty
heart.
I see the anarchs of the Pit depart—
The Greeds, the Fears, the Hates,
The carnal, wild-haired Fates.

Comrades, rejoice with me,
For the joy that is to be,
When all the world, far as the blue sky bends,
Shall be a light-heart company of friends!

COURAGE, ALL!

Old gods, avaunt! The rosy East is waking,
And in the dawn your shapes of clay are shaking:
Ye broke men's hearts, and now your own are breaking.

Over all lands a wingèd hope is flying:
It goes without reproof, without replying:
It bears God's courage to the dulled and dying.

The rusted chain that bound the world is broken;
A new strange star pricks down the night for token;
And the Great Word is waiting to be spoken!

WAR AND PEACE

THE CHANT OF THE VULTURES

We are circling, glad of the battle: we
joy in the smell of the smoke.
Fight on in the hell of the trenches: we
publish your names with a croak!
Ye will lie in dim heaps when the sunset
blows cold on the reddening sand;
Yet fight, for the dead will have wages—a
death-clutch of dust in the hand.
Ye have given us banquet, O kings, and
still do we clamor for more:
Vast, vast is our hunger, as vast as the
sea-hunger gnawing the shore.

'Tis well ye are swift with your signals—
the blaze of the banners, the blare
Of the bugles, the boom of battalions, the
cannon-breath hot on the air.

It is for our hunger ye hurry, it is for our
feast ye are met:
Be sure we will never forget you, O ser-
vants that never forget!
For we are the Spirits of Battle, the peer-
age of greed we defend:
Our lineage rose from the Night, and we
go without fellow or friend.

We were ere our servant Sesostris spread
over the Asian lands
The smoke of the blood of the peoples,
and scattered their bones to the sands.
We circled in revel for ages above the As-
syrian stream,
While Babylon builded her beauty, and
faded to dust and to dream.
We scattered our laughter on nations—
and Troy was a word and a waste,
The glory of Carthage was ruined, the
grandeur of Rome was effaced!

And we blazoned the name of Timour, as
he harried his herd of kings,

And the host of his hordes wound on, a dragon with undulant rings.
And we slid down the wind upon France, when the steps of the earthquake passed,
When the Bastile bloomed into flame, and the heavens went by on the blast.
We hung over Austerlitz, cheering the armies with jubilant cries:
We scented three kings at the carnage, and croaked our applause from the skies.

O kings, ye have catered to vultures—have chosen to feed us, forsooth,
The joy of the world and her glory, the hope of the world and her youth.
O kings, ye are diligent lackeys: we laurel your names with our praise,
For ye are the staff of our comfort, for ye are the strength of our days.
Then spur on the host in the trenches to give up the sky at a stroke:
We tell all the winds of their glory: we publish their fame with a croak!

AN APRIL GREETING

(To Alfred Noyes, Apostle of Poetry and Peace.)

Again the mood of Eden on the earth!
Again the summons and the mystic mirth,
The beauty and the wonder and the dare,
Thrilling the heart, the field, the delicate air!

So now once more the old remembering:
The lyric hosts come out of the South with song,
With music that can save the soul from wrong—
The immemorial multitudes a-wing
Down bright savannas, over the greening trees.
Hark, the first warblings in the boughs soft-stirred!
And you, O Poet, with your wingéd word,
You come convoyed by these!

You come with all the buds and birds astart—
You with the heart of April in your heart.
So take our banded welcome as we drink
A health to you on April's flowering brink—
To you come hither from that elder clime,
Where April has been wreathed in poets' rhyme,
Been touched with love and tears
By English minstrels down a thousand years.

And when your Sherwood Forest calls you home
Over the furrows of the ocean foam,
Take message from this people to your own—
To England, with her scented hawthorns blown,
And all her skylarks in a rapture-pain
Sprinkling the happy fields with lyric rain.
Tell her that lordlier than her cliffs and towers,
Tell her that mightier than her pomps and powers,

We see her line of poets stretching back
Ten centuries, a bright, immortal track.
Tell her that while she built the things that seem,
They built her glory out of deathless dream.

Ah, more is that wild beauty left by Keats
Than all the blazon of her kingly seats;
More is that wonder from the hand of Blake
Than all her guns that make the nations quake;
More is her Shelley, with his starry dare,
Than all her flags ringed round with battle blare;
More her blind Milton voyaging the Vast
Than all her squadrons shearing down the blast;
And more is Shakspere, lord of lyric seers,
Than all her conquests of a thousand years.

But none of all the line
(Save only Shelley, darling of the Nine)

Has cried as you have cried the valorous
vow
Of Love's heroic heart, God's prayer to
men
To cease the wolfish battles of the den.
And so the Muses bind upon your brow
The olive with the laurel. Son of song,
Bear ever on that cry against the wrong.

PERSONS AND PLACES

SAINT PATRICK

I

Wandered from the Antrim hills,
Wandered from Killala's rills,
Patrick heard upon the breeze
Voices from the Irish seas.
Folk of Fochlad called to him
From their forest deep and dim;
And in vision little hands
Beckoned from the Irish lands,
Where the western billows spoke
With the Druid groves of oak.
Evermore their cry did seem
Calling, calling, through his dream:
"Hasten with the flower of truth,
Walk among us, holy youth!"

II

When he spread his dauntless sail
To the gladness of the gale,

Glowering demons, mile on mile,
Stood in league around the Isle,
Laughing out their crackling rage,
At the young, unfearing sage.
There with lifted cross he came,
Breathing low the Sacred Name,
And the demons, form by form,
Fled in fury down the storm.
Over the Isle his spirit went
Like fire across the firmament.
Kings at Tara caught the word,
Churl and kern and chieftain heard.
Lo, the Druid's mystic rod
Fell down withered before God!

With the frost he kindled fire;
Drove the snakes from brake and briar,
Hurling out the writhing brood
With the lightning of his rood.
Once he stooped, and with his hand
Traced a cross upon the sand;
Then a wonder—from the ground
Sprang a stream with silver sound;
And a blind man kneeling there
Laved his eyelids, whispering prayer.

Then on his relighted eyes
Rushed the splendor of the skies—
Flashed the water's glancing bubble—
Gleamed the gold across the stubble—
Shined the roads that have no ends—
Smiled the faces of old friends.

III

And when Patrick fell on sleep,
Twelve the days were, still and deep—
Twelve the days, with never a night,
Never a cloud across the light.
Angels chanted out the hours
Leaning from their sky-hung towers;
Like a garden blown to bloom
Was the sweetness round his tomb. . . .

Fable, legend, all are true:
More than these did Patrick do!
For he cleared the serpent den,
Hiding in the hearts of men;
Letting Love's bright fountain spring
Into sweetest murmuring.
Yes, the wise, heroic breed
Bring us miracle indeed.

On the dark he left God's smile,
Lighting up Ierne's Isle;
And forever lives his name
As the rose upon her fame.

A FRIEND OF THE FIELDS

(Birthday Greeting to John Burroughs.)

Old neighbor of the fields, "Good day!"
"Good morrow!" too, upon the way.
Boon fellow of the forest folk,
Close confidant of the reticent oak,
Oh, be it long till your "Good-bye!"
To friendships of the earth and sky.

Go on with Life another mile,
Lighting the way with kindly smile.
Here is the Blue Jay with his brag,
And here your friend, the faithful Crag;
Here dwells your sister, the Bright Stream
To sing her dream into your dream—
All the meek things that love the ground,
And live their days without a sound;
All the shy tenantry that fill
The holes and shelters of the hill;
And all the bright quick things that fly
Under the cavern of this sky.

You find the friendships of the glen
More constant than the oaths of men.
Yet bear another while with towns,
The push of crowds, the praise of clowns.
Stay yet a little longer—stay
To tell us what the blackbirds say;
To hear the cricket wind his horn,
And call back summer to the corn;
To watch the dauntless butterfly
Sail the green field, her nether sky;
To hear, when mountain darkness falls,
The owl's word in his windy halls.

Stay yet a little longer here
To bind the yellow of the year,
To hoard the beauty of the rose,
To spread the gossip of the crows,
To watch the wild geese shake the sedge,
Or split the sky with moving wedge,
To eavesdrop at the muskrat's door
For bulletins of weather lore,
To tell us by what craft the bees
Heap honey in communal trees,
And by what sure theodolite
They gage the angles of their flight.

Still preach to us uncheerful men
The sunny gospel of the wren;
And tell us for another while
Of Earth's serene, sustaining smile.
Bear with us till you must be gone
To walk with White and Audubon.

CONSECRATED GROUND

(An ode read at the New York City Hall, July 4, 1911.)

I

Let there be prayer and praise
On these worn stones and on these trodden
ways;
For all around
Is holy ground,
Ground that departed years
Have hallowed with high dreams
(Freedom's immortal themes)—
Made sacred, too, with fall of noble tears.

II

Let there be prayer and praise,
For here once, in the old, heroic days,
Appeared our Washington,
(Time had no nobler son!)

And here, beneath these lifted skies, he heard
From the new page God's last oracular word—
The word the Bell of Liberty gave tongue—
The word forever old, forever young—
The cry, "Let Freedom be
On land, on sea!"
It was the great word that had sounded on
From far Thermopylæ and Marathon.

III

Here they brought Lincoln, dead but deathless—here,
When hate had torn the April from the year.
Here on that darkened day
They brought the martyr on his homeward way;
And in this storied place
They laid him with his hushed, heroic face,
With all the patient mercies of his look
Still written there as in the Judgment Book. . . .

A great soul that had greatly lived, and
then,
Dying, sent out his greatness upon men.

IV

And here with stately step and measured
chant,
They brought our stern, sad, silent soldier,
Grant;
Only a little more stilled, a little more,
Than he had been on life's loud ways be-
fore.
He was no babbler by the noisy gate:
Only in deeds was he articulate—
Strong to strike blows that Righteousness
might live—
Strong also to forgive.

V

So here where we have brought our great-
est dead,
Here is a shrine, here is an altar spread,

Where we may consecrate our hearts again
To their high hopes for men;
Knowing our heroes watch us from their spheres,
Still touched by mortal tears--
Knowing they watch us with their serious eyes,
There where the deathless climb the deathless skies.

THE FRIENDLY DOOR

(Written at the request of the New York women struggling to raise $3,000,000 to erect Y. W. C. A. buildings as homes for working girls.)

What is the word on the wind to-day,
  What is the rumor of dare and do?
Women, you come with a dream, they say,
  Banded to see that the dream comes
    true.

Then gather as one to your rallying camp:
  Here is your chance to give God praise—
Here is the hour to lift a lamp
  To light the march of the coming days.

Women, you work for the girls that
    strive,
  Girls on the battle-line early and late—
You are helping them keep their souls
    alive
  As they take their chance in the fight
    with Fate.

And so at the end of the ways that wind,
One joy will be yours though a world
goes down—
The joy to know that you left behind
A friendly door in a friendless town.

MANHATTAN

Where now the bells of Trinity are heard,
Once in the willows sang a hidden bird.
Where sits Columbia upon the height,
A stag pressed ferny hollows all the night.
Where now the Tombs disturbs the dark
with sighs,
A lilied pond looked up to happy skies.
Where now behind a Doric colonnade
The busy pens compute the nation's
trade,
There on the rippling river's reedy edge
A beaver built his lodge along the ledge:
And down Broadway, where now the mil-
lions pass,
Once ran a crest of flowers in seas of
grass.

Manhattan, like a kneeling camel, lay,
Humped with her ridges, looking toward
the Bay,

A hundred springs, a hundred hasty rills
Ran silverly among the little hills.
The world was hushed: September's windy gold
Was edging all the boughs with beauty old;
And far-blown shreds of smoke
Went bluely winding over the woods of oak,
Or lifted whirls that lived their little span
Above the wigwams of Sapponikan.

A dusky hunter lurking on a ledge
Looked to the south, out to the ocean's edge.
And suddenly a sea-thing with white wings
Came like a moth the wind of evening brings.
What could the wonder be?
What shape of earth, what spirit of the sea?
A look, a cry, a leap,
And he went plunging down the rocky steep,

Tearing through tangled vines a sudden trail,
Crushing wild mints to scent the tender gale—
Down the long ridges ran,
Bearing the tidings to Sapponikan.

A great white weary ship came drifting in.
Upon her stern a painted moon she bore,
Upon her poop the starry heaven she wore:
While strange, grave men with beards upon the chin
Looked out with wondering eyes and alien speech,
Hailing the pluméd men upon the beach.
Down plunged an anchor, then with loud acclaim
Up went the flag of Holland like a flame!

Note.—When Henry Hudson sailed into New York Bay, he found Manhattan covered with ponds and little hills and wooded valleys. Indeed, Manhattan means "the island of the hills." These elevations were cut down, for the most part, in the early years of the last century. Where the Tombs now stands was once a pond containing a small island encircled by green hills. Sapponikan was an Indian village on Manhattan.

SAN FRANCISCO FALLING

A groan of earth in labor pain,
Her ancient agony and strain;
A tremor of the granite floors—
A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
A terror on the towers and ships;
Blind streets where men and ghosts go by;
Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky;
Roofs, turrets, domes, with one acclaim
Turned softly to a bloom of flame;
A thousand dreams of joy, of power,
Gone in the splendor of an hour.

SAN FRANCISCO ARISING

O hill-hung city of my West,
Where oft my heart goes home to rest,
There came an hour when all went by,
A cruel splendor on the sky.

Out of the Earth men saw advance
The front of Ruin and old Chance.
A groan of chaos shook your frame,
And a red wilderness of flame
Darkened the nations with your name.

Now, sons of the West, I see you rise,
The world's young courage in your eyes.
Sons of broad-shouldered Pioneers,
Seasoned by struggle and stern tears—
I see you rising, girt and strong,
To lay the new-squared beams in song.

Build greatly, men, for she must shine
With Athens of the singing Nine—
Build airily, for she must stand
With Shiraz of the rose-sweet land—
Build strongly, for her name must be
With Carthage of the sail-white sea

THE HERO OF THE CROSS

THE LORD OF ALL

Milton, you did them wrong the hour you sang
The Lord's Nativity: the fair young gods,
Scorched by your scorn and stricken by your rods,
Were loved of Him who took the mortal pang.
He knew their cliffs that shone, their wells that sprang,
And all the wonder of their purple clime;
And as his feet descended into Time,
Their voices on the hills and sea-reefs rang.

So the young gods of Hellas knew the hour
When life's bough was to break in sudden flower;

And in the hush they knelt without a
word
Beside the Stall; for in the little one
They saw Apollo come again, and heard
His name cried in the porches of the sun!

THE CONSECRATION OF THE COMMON WAY

And she brought forth her first-born son . . . and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE.

The hills that had been lone and lean
Were pricking with a tender green,
And flocks were whitening over them
From all the folds of Bethlehem.

The King of Heaven had come our way,
And in a lowly stable lay:
He had descended from the sky
In answer to the world's long cry—
Descended in a lyric burst
Of high archangels, going first
Unto the lowest and the least,
To humble bird and weary beast.
His palace was a wayside shed,
A battered manger was his bed:
An ox and ass with breathings deep
Made warm the chamber of his sleep.

Three sparrows with a friendly sound
Were picking barley from the ground:
An early sunbeam, long and thin,
Slanted across the dark within,
And brightened in its silver fall
A cart-wheel leaning to the wall.
An ox-yoke hung upon a hook:
A worn plow with a clumsy crook
Was lying idly by the wheel.
And everywhere there was the feel
Of that sweet peace that labor brings—
The peace that dwells with homely things.

Now have the homely things been made
Sacred, and a glory on them laid.
For He whose shelter was a stall,
The King, was born among them all.
He came to handle saw and plane,
To use and hallow the profane:
Now is the holy not afar
In temples lighted by a star,
But where the loves and labors are.
Now that the King has gone this way,
Great are the things of every day!

THE SONG OF THE MAGI

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, . . . behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem. . . . And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. . . . And being warned of God in a dream . . . they departed into their own country another way."—MATTHEW.

With a burning in our spirits, with a lifting
of our hands,
We have threaded fallen kingdoms, long
forgotten in the sands—
Dead kingdoms where the thistles crowd
to guard the empty thrones,
Where lone owls hoot their loud disdain
among the scattered stones.
We passed the ghost of Nineveh upon the
windy waste,
Where once the Angel of the Sword the
paths of Eden paced.
We trod on crumbled Babylon, where
once on towered hight
Her wingéd lions watched away the lone
Assyrian night.

Out of the hush of the holy East, out of the night of old,
We seek the One the keepers of the sacred fire foretold.
Long centuries the wise have watched upon a peak afar,
Twelve Magi keeping vigil for the rising of the star.
Long ages they have waited for the herald of the birth,
The great hour when a Child should rise to poise the shaken earth.

We come commanded by a star and sent by dream we go;
Yet of this hour hereafter all the worlds and heavens shall know.
This is the One we worship in the splendor of the fire:
He is the dream of every heart, he is the world's desire.
The prophet watchers cried of him with vision-lighted eyes:
They saw his scepter hush the earth and lean against the skies.

'Twas he the Vedic poets sang in ages that
are gone,
The fair young God they knelt to in the
brightness of the dawn.
This is the Golden Child that rose when
worlds began to be,
And floated in the lotus flower upon the
mother Sea.
This is the Child of Mystery drawn down
to earthly years,
To bear the common burden and to taste
of mortal tears.

THE GARDEN OF THE SEPULCHER

"Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden and in the garden a new sepulcher, hewn out of the rock. . . . There laid they Jesus, therefore, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulcher."

It was a night of calls and far replies,
A night of trembling for that Serpent head
In gulfs that were before the eldest dead—
A night of whispering haste along the skies,
Prayer, and a wondering down of seraph eyes;
While husht Jerusalem washed in the moon's light
Lay like a brood of sepulchers, ghost-white.

The dark was dying silverly, that strange
Still hour when Earth is falling toward the day—
That hour of spacious silence and delay
When all things poise upon the hinge of change.

The guardsmen had grown silent on their round;
Their fire was sinking, when a crash of sound—
Darkness—a reel of earth—a rush of light—
Cleft rocks—then scent of aloes on the night!

Their faces turned to faces of the dead;
Their spears fell clamoring terribly as they fled.
And He stood risen in the guarded place,
With empire in his gesture—on his face
The hush of muted music, and the might
That drew the stars down on the ancient night.
Tall in the first-light, mystical and pale,
He stood as one who dares and cannot fail,
As some high conscript of the Bright Abodes,
As one still called to travel the wild roads
In Love's divine adventure—his white face
Hushed with heroic purpose for the race;

Yet wistful of the men who should deny
him,
And wistful of the years that should be-
lie him.

With peace of heart the blind world could
not break,
He took a path the young leaves keep
awake.
Glad of the day come back and loving all,
He passed across the morning, felt the
cool
Sweet kindling air blown upward from
the pool.
A burning bush was reddening by the
wall:
An oleander bough was full of stirs,
Struck by the robes of unseen messengers.

The hills broke purpling, as the sun's
bright edge
Pushed slowly up behind a rocky ledge:
The hovering dome of the Temple, gray
and cold,

Burned out with sudden, unexpected gold.
A light wind silvered up the olive slope,
And all the world was wonder and wild
hope!

AFTER THE SEPULCHER

"The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early. . . . unto the sepulcher. . . . And . . . she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing . . . Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself and saith unto him . . . Master."—ST. JOHN.

From silvering mid-sea to the Syrian sand,
It was the time of blossom in the land.
On field and hill and down the steep ravine,
Ran foam and fire of bloom and ripple of green.
The Sepulcher was open wide, and thrown
Among the crushed, hurt lilies lay the Stone.

A light wind stirred the Garden: everywhere
The smell of myrrh was out upon the air.
For three days He had travelled with the dead,
And now was risen to go with stiller tread
The old earth ways again,

To stay the heart and build the hope of men.
He made a luster in that leafy place,
His form serene, majestical; his face
Touched with a cryptic beauty like the sea
Lit by the moon when night begins to be.

The cold gray east was warming into rose
Beyond the steep ravine where Kedron goes;
When suddenly on the morning faint with flame
Jerusalem with all her clamors came—
A snarl of noises from the far-off street,
Dispute and barter and the clack of feet.
A moment it brawled upward, and was gone—
Faded, forgotten in the deep of dawn.
He passed across the morning; felt the cool,
Keen, kindling air blown upward from the pool.
A busy wind brought little tender smells
From barley fields and weeds by April wells.

Up in the tree-tops where the breezes ran,
The old sweet noises in the nests began;
And once He paused to listen while a bird
Shouted the joy till all the Garden heard.

There in the morning, on the old worn ways—
New-risen from the sacrament of death—
He looked toward Olivet with tender gaze.
Old things of the heart came back from other days—
The happy, homely shop in Nazareth;
The noonday shadow of a wayside tree
That had befriended Him in Galilee;
Dear talks in Bethany by the chimney stone,
And night-long lingering talks with John alone.
And then He thought of all the weary men
He would have gathered as a mother hen
Gathers her brood under her wings at night.
And then He saw the ages in one flight,

And heard as a great sea
All of the griefs that had been and must
be. . . .

As He stood looking on the rose-warm sky,
Over the Garden went a sobbing cry.
He turned and saw, where the tall almonds
are,
His Mary of Magdala, wildly pale,
Fast-fleeting down the trail,
And suddenly his face was like a star!
He spoke; she knew—a blaze of happy
tears;
Then "Master!" . . . and the word
rings down the years!

BOOKS BY EDWIN MARKHAM

The Man With The Hoe, and Other Poems. Frontispiece, Millet's Famous Painting of the Hoe Man	$1.00
The Man With The Hoe, and Other Poems, with Illustrations by Howard Pyle	2.00
The Man With The Hoe, with Notes by the Author . . .	.50
Lincoln, and Other Poems. Frontispiece, Portrait of Lincoln. . .	1.00
The Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems (New)	1.20
California the Wonderful. Profusely Illustrated (New) . . .	2.50
Children in Bondage: The Child Labor Problem (New) . . .	1.50

In Preparation

The Poetry of Jesus: His Place as a Literary Man	
New Light on the Old Riddle: A Look into the Mystery of Life and Death	

CRITICAL OPINIONS

"Edwin Markham, the most talked of literary man in America."—The Saturday Evening Post.

"A great poet: a Miltonian ring in his verses and a Swinburnian richness in his rhymes and rhythms. I place him higher than Walt Whitman."—Max Nordau.

"Truly and exquisitely poetic."—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

"The greatest poet of the century."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe' is the whole Yosemite—the thunder, the might, the majesty."—Joaquin Miller.

"Impressive in the highest degree, and reeks with humanity and morality."—Professor William James.

"Markham's 'Man with the Hoe' will be the battle-cry of the next thousand years."—Jay William Hudson.

"It is long since I entertained a doubt of Mr. Markham's eventual primacy among contemporary American poets."—Ambrose Bierce.

"Excepting always my dear Whitcomb Riley, Edwin Markham is the first of the Americans."—William Dean Howells.

"A poem by Markham is a national event."—Robert Underwood Johnson.

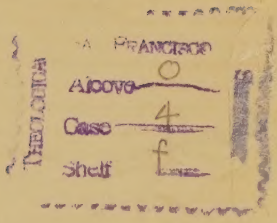
"Edwin Markham is one of the greatest poets of the age, and the greatest poet of democracy."—Francis Grierson.

"Edwin Markham is the greatest poet of the Social Passion that has yet appeared in the world."—Alfred Russell Wallace.

Date Due			
DEC 10 1954			
JUN 3 - 1955			
MAR 1 9 '71			

SFTS Library
2 Kensington Road
San Anselmo, CA 94960
For renewals call (415) 258-6635

All items are subject to recall

BZ3.6
M34
S5

GTU LIBRARY
3 2400 00579 3058